

Untitled Song Book with notes on Fort Sill Artillery Hunt

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- 2 page intro
- TOC
- 58 pages

ARTILLERY HUNT

Following the hounds at Fort Sill was a popular sport almost from the establishment of the post in 1869. Wolves and coyotes were plentiful in the early days, and could be gotten up almost anywhere. Both before and after World War One a number of packs of hounds were organized, and coyote hunting was a lively sport in which both soldiers and civilians participated.

The Artillery Hunt was formally organized under the impetus of Colonel George M. Peek on August 1, 1926, following the presentation by Mr. E. W. Marland of Ponca City of 12 couples. A lover of both the horse and the hound, Colonel Peek served as the first Master of Foxhounds of the Hunt, 1925 - 1927. In 1927 the Hunt was recognized by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and Major Ira Wyche was elected Master. Colonel Peek again became Master upon his return to Fort Sill in 1929 and held this office until his departure in 1933.

The Hunt colors adopted and made official were red and black. The Hunt buttons, adopted and recorded with the National Button Society as part of the American Hunt buttons, were brass with the initials of the Artillery Hunt. Certain ladies of the garrison were specially privileged to wear the Hunt colors and buttons on the invitation of the Master of the Hunt.

The Artillery Hunt grew rapidly in popularity and soon became one of the leading sports at the Field Artillery School, with large fields present at all meets. The fixtures consisted of drags, coyote hunts, and some fox hunts.

The Artillery Hunt remains active today as a social and riding organization consisting of several hundred members. Among other events the Hunt conducts a Spring Horse Show and a Fall Gymkhana each year. It provides an opportunity

for the stabling of privately-owned horses at the post and for the teaching of equitation to members and their families. It has as one of its primary aims the retention of traditions of the U. S. Artillery.

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THE CAISSON SONG

Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail,
And our Caissons go rolling along.
In-and-out, hear-them-shout, "Counter march and
And the caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

Then it's Hi! Hi! Hee! in the Field Artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong.
Where'er you go, you will always know
That those caissons are rolling along.
Keep them rolling!
And those caissons go rolling along.

Through the storm, through the night, up to where
doughboys fight,
All our caissons go rolling along.
Action front at a trot, volley fire with shell and st
While those caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

Cavalry, boot to boot, we will join in the pursuit
While those caissons go rolling along.
At zero hour we'll be there, answering every call
While our caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

Should the foe penetrate, every gunner lies in wai
And those caissons go rolling along.
Fire at will, lay'em low, never stop for any foe,
While those caissons go rolling along.

Call

Chorus

But if fate me should-fait, and in action I should f
Keep those caissons a-rolling along.
Then in peace I'll abide, when I take my final ride
On a caisson that's rolling along.

Chorus

Bat-ter-y Halt!

THE ARTILLERY

The Artillery, the Artillery, with dirt behind thei
Can lick their weight in wildcats, and drink their

The Infantry, the Cavalry, and the lousy Engineer
Couldn't keep up with Artillery in a hundred thous

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*For they'll always be my pride
'Til I take my final ride
or a cannon should it rolling
along*

Come, fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast,
We'll drink to the Red and the Blue.
The first in the battle, the last from its post,
Old comrades so faithful and true.
To the friends who have passed o'er the last long divide;
Their spirit is still marching on,
As it did in the day when we marched side by side
As we followed the Red Guidon.

CHORUS

Then here's to cross cannon; they never will run,
To limber and rolling caisson,
The clank of the collar and rumble of gun,
As we follow the Red Guidon.

We've soldiered together, brave hearts ever true;
We've marched, we've fought, and we've bled
For the dear old Flag with its red, white, and blue,
That floats in the breeze overhead.
We've joked and we've laughed 'round the campfire's red glare
From Cuba to distant Luzon;
As we told old stories that drive away care,
'Neath the folds of the Red Guidon.

CHORUS

Come toss off your tankards, we'll drink long and deep,
Brave hearts ever gallant and true;
To friends who now rest in their long peaceful sleep,
Who once wore the red and the blue
We'll prove true in the future as they have in the past,
Old comrades of gun and caisson;
And we'll go to our God like a soldier at last,
Fighting under the Red Guidon.

Final Chorus

Then here's to cross cannon, they never will run;
Here's to limber and rolling caisson,
The clank of the collar and rumble of gun,
Hurrah! for the Red Guidon!

FIGHT AWAY

Fight away! Oh, fight away! All you Army men in gray.
Go charging down the field, a-smashing every play.
Thru Navy's line, ev'ry time! Break away with all your might.
No Vavy in the world, can stop the Army's
Fight! Fight! Fight!

ARMY BLUE
We've not much longer here we stay, for in a month
We'll bid farewell to "Kaydet Gray,"
And don the "Army Blue."

CHORUS

Army Blue, Army Blue, Hurrah for the Army Blue,
We'll bid farewell to "Kaydet Gray,"
And don the Army Blue.

With pipe and song we'll jog along,
Till this short time is through,
And all among our jovial throng,
Have donned the Army Blue.

CHORUS

To the ladies who come up in June,
We'll bid a fond adieu,
Here's hoping they'll be married soon,
And join the Army too.

CHORUS

Here's to the man who wins the cup,
May he be kind and true,
And may he bring "our Godson" up
To don the Army Blue.

CHORUS

'Twas the song we sang in our old plebe camp
When first our pay was new.
The song we sang on summer nights,
That song of Army Blue.

CHORUS

O're camp and highland watched the stars
That watched our far homes too.
And lonely voices joined full bold
In singing Army Blue.

CHORUS

Those summer days have long gone by
And years have vanished too,
Oh, long ago we doffed the gray
And donned the Army Blue

CHORUS

But still I hear that olden song
I feel the evening dew,
And mellow strings and voices join
Again in Army Blue.

CHORUS

THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY

Stand up! Stand up! Attention!
You red-legged mountaineers;
With your gun and your pack,
And your box of tack
Non-coms and cannoneers.
Baptized in Mindanao, beside the Sulu Sea;
With a tow, row, row, from the Mountath Battery,
With a tow, and a tow, and a tow, row, row,
From the Mountain Battery!

For when we are commanded to open up the ball,
We slap our guns together, and beside them stand or fall.
To right and left before us our shrapnel bursts we see;

With a tow, and a tow, and a tow, row, row,

From the Mountain Battery.

With a tow, and a tow, and a tow, row, row,

From the Mountain Battery.

I'd rather be a soldier with a mule and mountain gun;

Than knight of old with spurs of gold,

Than Roman, Greek, or Hun.

For when there's trouble brewing,

They always send for me

To start the fun with a mountain gun

from the Mountain Battery.

To start the fun with a mountain gun

from the Mountain Battery.

Here's to pack and aparejo, to cradle gun and trail;

And that damned ole fool, the artillery mule,

Who ne're was known to fail.

Then fill your glasses fellows,

And drink this toast with me;

Here's a how, and a how, and a how, how, how

To the Mountain Battery.

Here's a how, and a how,

And a how, how, how

To the Mountain Battery!

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

I was in service down in Drury Lane,
The master he was good to me, the mistress was the same,
And there I met a sailor, happy as could be,
And he was the author of all my misery.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS (contd)

CHORUS

Singing, Bell Bottom Trousers, coats of Navy blue,
Let him climb the rigging like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed.

He asked me for a handkerchief to tie around his head

And I, foolish maiden, thinking it no harm,

Jumped into the sailer's bed, to keep the sailor warm

CHORUS

Early in the morning, before the break o' day,

A five pound note he gave me, and with it he did say;

"Take this, my darling, for damage I have done

Maybe you'll have a daughter and maybe you'll have

And if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee

And if you have a son, send the bastard out to sea."

CHORUS

So listen, my children, to my girlish plea,

Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee,

I trusted one once, and he put out to sea

Leaving me a-sitting with a daughter on my knee.

CHORUS

STAND TO THE BAR

Stand Army to the bar, raise your glasses high.

We'll never pay the bill, so Navy you must

Buy! Buy! Buy! Buy!

Down Gordon Gin, Army, down Rock and Rye.

Stand Army to the bar and Drink the Navy,

Drink the Navy dry!

SLUM 'N' GRAVY

Sons of slum and gravy, will you let the Navy

Take from us the victory? Hell no!

Hear a Warrior's chorus, sweep that line before us,

Carry on to victory!

Onward! Onward! Charge against the foe;

Forward! Forward! The Army banners go.

Sons of Mars and Thunder, rip that line asunder,

Carry on to victory!

(5)

I SAW THEM

you want to know where the Privates are

if I tell you where they are, I'll tell you where they are,

if I tell you where they are,

you want to know where the Privates are

if I tell you where they are,

if I tell you where they are,

saw them, I saw them, up to their necks in mud;

saw them up to their necks in mud.

you want to know where the Corporals are,

if I tell you where they are, etc----

fixing the old barbed wire.

saw them, I saw them, fixing the old barbed wire;

saw them fixing the old barbed wire.

you want to know where the Sergeants are,

if I tell you where they are, etc----

drinking the Privates rum.

saw them, etc----

you want to know where the Officers are,

if I tell you where they are, etc----

down in the deep dug-out.

saw them, etc.----

you want to know where the Generals are,

if I tell you where they are, etc.----

back in gay Paree.

saw them, etc.----

THE GRIDIRON GRENADIERS

eyes right! Watch us fight!

army's goin' to score.

we're the boys who make the noise,

we've licked this gang before.

we have never known defeat,

we would rather fight than eat,

we're the heroes of the Gridiron

THE GRIDIRON GRENADIERS (contd)

Gren-a-diers-----

Roll that score! Way up!

Roll that score! Way up!

Navy'll never want to play us an-y mo-or-ore,

Ya-ha-ha-ha-ha! Ya-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

We're the Heroes of the Gridiron

Gren-a-diers-----

BLESS 'EM ALL

They say there's a troopship just leaving Bombay,

Bound for Old Blighty shore,

Heavily laden with time expired men,

Bound for the land they adore.

There's many an air-man just finishing his time,

There's many a twirp signing on,

You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,

So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em all!

CHORUS

Bless 'em All! Bless 'em All!

The long and the short and the tall;

Bless all the sergeants and double-U O Ones,

Bless all the corp'rals and their blinkin' sons,

'Cos we're saying goodbye to them all

As back to their billets they crawl,

You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,

So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em All!

They say, if you work hard you'll get better pay,

We've heard it all before;

Clean up your buttons and polish your boots,

Scrub out the barrack room floor.

There's many a rookie has taken it in,

Hook, line and sinker an' all;

You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,

So cheer up, my lads, Bless 'em All!

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Keep the home fires burning,

While our hearts are yearning,

Though our boys are far away they dream of home;

There's a silver lining through the dark clouds shinin

Turn the dark clouds inside out

Till the boys come home.

OVER THERE

Over there, Over there, Send the word,
Send the word, Over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming ev'rywhere,
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word, to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over,
Over There.

FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS

For seven long years, I courted Nancy,
Ho! Ho! the rolling river,
For seven long years, I courted Nancy,
Ha! Ha! we're bound away o'er the wild Missouri' Ride. *Eye*
She would not have me for her lover,
Ho! Ho! the rolling river,
She would not have me for her lover,
Ha! Ha! we're bound away o'er the wild Missouri' Ride. *Eye*
Because I was a Cavalry soldier,
Ho! Ho! the rolling river,
Because I was a Cavalry soldier, Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Missouri' Ride *Eye*
And then she went to Kansas City,
Ho! Ho! the rolling river,
And then she went to Kansas City,
Ha! Ha! we're bound away o'er the wild Missouri' Ride. *Eye*
And so she took my fifteen dollars,
Ho! Ho! the rolling river,
And so she took my fifteen dollars,
Ha! Ha! we're bound away o'er the wild Missouri' Ride. *Eye*
She must have had another lover,
Ho! Ho! the rolling river,
She must have had another lover,
Ha! Ha! we're bound away o'er the wild Missouri' Ride. *Eye*
A-drinking rum and chawin' tobacco,
Ho! Ho! the rolling river,
A-drinking rum and chawin' tobacco,
Ha! Ha! we're bound away o'er the wild Missouri' Ride. *Eye*

LORD GEOFFREY AMHERST

Oh, Lord Geoffrey Amherst was a soldier of the King,
And he came from across the sea.
To the Frenchmen and the Indians he didn't do a thing,
In the wilds of this wild countree,
In the wilds of this wild countree;
And for his Royal Majesty he fought with all his might
He was a soldier, loyal, brave, and true;
And he conquered all the enemies that came within his sight,
And he looked around for more when he was through,
CHORUS

Oh, Amherst, brave Amherst,
'Twas a name known to fame in days of yore.
May it ever be glorious,
'Till the sun shall climb the heavens no more

Oh, Lord Geoffrey Amherst was the man who gave his
To our college upon the hill,
And the story of his loyalty and bravery and fame,
Abides here among us still,
Abides here among us still;
You may talk about your Johnnies and your Elis and
For they are the names that time will never dim;
But give us only Geoffrey, he's the noblest and the best,
To the end we will stand fast for him.

CHORUS

OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNIN'
Oh, How I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh, how I love to remain in bed.
For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the Bugler call
You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
You've got to get up in the morning,
Some day I'm going to murder the Bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead,
I'll amputate his Reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

THE DOUGHBOY'S LAMENT

There's a long, long nail a-grinding
Into the sole of my shoe;
And it digs a little deeper every mile or two,
But there's one sweet day a-coming,
A day I'm dreaming about;
The day when I can sit me down and pull that damned

10
BENNY HAVENS

Come fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row
To singing sentimentally we're going for to go.
In the Army there's sobriety, promotions very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

CHORUS

Oh! Benny Havens, Oh! Oh! Benny Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

To the ladies of our Army our cups shall ever flow,
Companions in our exile and our shield 'gainst every woe;
May they see their husbands' generals with double pay also
And join us in our choruses at Benny Havens, Oh!

CHORUS

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rockbound Highland home
We'll cast back many a fond regret as o'er life's sea we roam;
Until on our last battlefield the light of heaven shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, Oh!
May the Army be augmented, may promotion be less slow,
May our Country in the hour of need be ready for the foe;
May we find a soldier's resting place beneath a soldier's blow,
With room enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, Oh!

CHORUS

When you and I and Benny, and all the others too
Are called before the "Final Board" our course in life to view
May we never 'fess on any point, but straight be told to go
And join the Army of the Blest at Benny Havens, Oh!

ROSES OF PICARDY

Roses are shining in Picardy
In the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime
And our roads may be far apart
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy
'Tis the Rose that I keep in my heart.

ALMA MATER

Hail, Alma Mater dear, to us be ever near,
Help us thy motto bear through all the years.
Let Duty be well performed,
Honor be e'er untarned
County be ever armed, West Point, by thee. . .

11
ALMA MATER (contd)

Guide us, thy sons, aright,
Teach us by day, by night
To Keep thine honor bright, for thee to fight.
When we depart from thee, serving on land or sea,
May we still loyal be, West Point, to thee.

And when our work is done,
Our course on earth is run,
May it be said, "Well done, be thou at peace."
E'er may that line of gray increase from day to day.
Live, serve, and die, we pray,
West Point, for thee.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his Privates three.

"Beer, beer, beer," said the Privates
"One-two, one-two, one" said the Corporals
"Squads right, right by fours," said the Sergeants
"We do all the work," said the Shavetails
"We want ten days leave," said the Captains
"Where are my boots and spurs," said the Majors
"What's my next command?" said the Colonels
"The Army's gone to hell" said the Generals.

Merry, Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Field Artillery.

HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm
After they've seen Paree?
How ya gonna keep 'em away from Broadway;
Jazzin' aroun' and paintin' the town?
How you gonna keep 'em from harm?

That's a mystery;
They'll never want to see a rake or plow
And who the deuce can parley-vous a cow?
How you gonna keep 'em down on the iarm,
After they've seen Paree.

BOTANY BAY

Oh--There's Glas-gow and Berwick, and Penterville,
Here's Portsmouth and old Dartmoor.
At they ain't of interest to none of us
Or we're bound for a far foreign shore.

CHORUS

ing Too-roo-lie oo-roo-lie oo-roo-lay (also)*
oo-roo-lie oo-roo-lie-ay (Likewise)*
oo-roo-lie oo-roo-lie oo-roo-lay. (Not forgetting)*
oo-roo-lie oo-roo-lie-ay.

(*words to be spoken)

's not leaving old England we care about
Or sailing for shores far away,
's the blooming monotony wears us out
And the prospect of Botany Bay.

Oh, the Captain and all the ship's officers,
The Bos'n'n and all the crew,
The first and second-class passengers,
Shows what us poor convicts go through.

Oh, come all ye dukes and ye duchesses,
And harken and list to my lay,
Be sure that ye owns all ye touchesses,
Or they'll land you in Botany Bay.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle dove,
Away on my pinions I'd fly.
Straight into the arms of my lady love,
And there I would languish and die.

Flavy Verse)

It's not the rolling and the pitching we care about,
For the foam on the crest of the waves;
It's the foam in the neck of the bottle,
That's dragging us down to our graves.

CHORUS

MARINE HYMN

From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli,
From our country's battles on the land and on the sea,
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean,
We are proud to claim the title of

MARINE HYMN (contd)

Our Flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun.
We've fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun.
In the snows of far off northern lands
And the sunny tropic scenes,
You will always find us on the job,
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our Corps,
Which we are proud to serve;
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve.
If the Army and the Navy
Ever gaze on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets well guarded
By United States Marines.

THE CORPS

The Corps! Bare-headed salute it,
With eyes up thanking our God,
That we of the Corps are treading
Where they of the Corps have trod--
They are here in ghostly assemblage.
The men of the Corps long dead,
And our hearts are standing attention
While we wait for their passing tread.

We, sons of today, salute you--

You, sons of an earlier day;

We follow close order, behind you,

Where you have pointed the way;

The long gray line of us stretches

Through the years of a century told,

And the last man feels to his marrow

The grip of your far-off hold.

Grip hands with us now, though we see not,
Grip hands with us, strengthen our hearts,
As the long line stiffens and straightens
With the thrill that your presence imparts.
Grip hands -- though it be from the shadows,
While we swear, as you did of yore,
Or living or dying to honor,
The Corps, and the Corps, and the Corps!

THE ARMORED CRUISER SQUADRON

away, with sword and drum
we come full of rum,
looking for someone to put on the bum
the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

he Washington and Tennessee
the finest ships that sailed the sea,
they rounded the horn in time to be
the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

he scuttle butt popped at a hundred and three;
at the ice machine we made our tea,
the boiler walked off and jumped in the sea,
the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

hy. Oh, why, did Uncle Sam
build two ships not worth a damn?
he Washington and the Birmingham
the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

'e are the boys who shoot six inch
r anything else when we're in a pinch
ce, but the battleships are a cinch,
or the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

teen battleships all in a line,
Guantanamo Bay look mighty fine,
ut me for a cruiser every time,
the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

re's to the cruiser days gone by,
th a bottle of scotch and a jug of rye.
ot hope to meet again bye and bye
the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

ie Officers are a bunch of drunks,
ey stand their watches in their bunks,
ad keep their old clothes in their trunks,
the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

ie Admiral walks his quarterdeck,
en he sees our ship he says "By heck,
re comes that ancient rambling wreck,
com the Armored Cruiser Squadron."

THE ARMORED CRUISER SQUADRON (contd)

The Skipper's good forty rounds,
In port he rides behind the hounds,
But on the ship he can't be found
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our young "Exec" with anxious brow,
Walks the deck and says as how,
The Sleeveless Undershirts must go,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our Navigator's full of tar,
He shoots the truck light for a star
And wonders where in the hell we are,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our Guntery Officer's full of pluck,
He aims the guns and trusts to luck,
He knows dam' well he'll pass the buck
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our Engineer's our standard joke,
At thirteen knots along we poke,
And fill the ocean full of smoke;
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our First Luff is very gruff
When coming to anchor he chucks a bluff,
And hopes the Bo's'n will do his stuff
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

And when our ship has rung her knell,
And dropped the hook at the gates of hell,
The Skipper he'll say "Very Well!"
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

THE RED-LEG ROOKIE'S LAMENT

There's a long, long trace a-winding
Around the hocks of my team,
And the martingale is twisted
'Round the off brake beam.
I've got the off horse saddled backwards,
I've got the crupper 'round his neck--
It's all so damned peculiar
But we'll get there yet, by heck!

(16)
GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

to the legion of the Lost Ones, to the cohorts of the damned,
To by brethren in their sorrow overseas
Anges a gentleman of England, cleanly bred, machinely
crammed,
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.
Yea, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six horses,
And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held the ready tin.
At today the Sergeant's something less than kind.

CHORUS

We're poor Little Lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa! We're little black sheep who've gone astray.
Baa-aa-aa!

Gentlemen-rankers out on a spree
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we, Baa! Yah! Bah!

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables,

Sweet to empty kitchen slops,

And it's sweet to hezr the tales the troopers tell;

To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental hops,

And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.

Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be "Rider" to your troop.

And branded with a blasted worsted spur

When you envy, Oh how keenly, one poor Tommy being
cleanly,

Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you "Sir."

CHORUS

If the home we never write to, and the oaths we never keep,
And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our sleep,
Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer?

When the drunken comrade mutters and the great guard-
lantern gutters,

And the Horror of our fall is written plain,

Every secret self-revealing, on the aching white-washed
ceiling,

Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

CHORUS

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love
and truth,

We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,

And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth,

God help us, for we knew the worst too young!

(17)
GENTLEMEN-RANKERS (contd)

Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brou
the sentence.

Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,

And the Curse of Reuben holds us, 'til an alien turf en
us,

And we die, and none can tell them where we died.

CHORUS

THE ARMY TEAM

The Army team's the pride and dream

Of every heart in fray,

The Army line you'll ever find

A terror in the fray;

And when the team is fighting

For the Black and Gray and Gold,

We're always near with song and cheer

And this is the tale we're told:

The Army Team

(Whistle)

Rah Rah Rah Boom!

CHORUS

On, brave old Army team, on to the fray;

Fight on to victory,

For that's the fearless Army way.

THE ARMY'S COMING DOWN THE RIVER

The Army's coming down the river, the river,

The Army's got the goods today,

The Navy's goat begins to shiver and quiver

When the Army's mule begins to bray--

HEELHAW!

When the Army's mule begins to bray.

Light up the gay white way of New York, old New York

Oh! Light the streets up all around,

For the Army's going to lick the Navy,

The NA-V-VY,

And we are going to paint the town--

YOU BET!

And we are going to paint the town.

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks of me,
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells

"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to
Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to

Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder, outer China 'crost the
Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat jes' the same as Theebaw's
Queen;

An' I seed 'er first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an' 'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud--

What they call the Great Gawd Budd,
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she
stud!

On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder, outer China 'crost the
Bay!

When the mist was on the rice-fields, an' the sun was
droppin'

Slow, she'd git her little banjo an' she'd sing

"Kulla-lo-lo!"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin' my cheek,
we uster watch the streamers an' the hathis pilin' teak,

Elephants a-pilin' teak, in the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you wad 'arf afraid to speak:
On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the
Bay!

But that's all shove be'ind me, long ago and fur away,
An' there ain't no busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier
tells;
off outer 'eard the East a-callin' you won't never 'eed

MANDALAY (contd)

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else,
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees and the tinkly tem

On the road to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin' ston
Am' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in m

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousmaids outer Chelsea to the
An' they talks alot o' lovin', but wot do they understand

Beefy face an' grubby 'and--
Law! wot do they understand?

I've a neater sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener lar
On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost.

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is lik

Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, an' a man c
raise a th
For the temple bells are callin' an' it's there that I wc
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy out to sea:

On the road to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Ma
On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
When you've a lucifer to light your fag
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying!
It never was worth while, SO!
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

Q. M. C.

Oh, we don't have to march like the Infantry,
Ride like the Cavalry, shoot like Artillery,
We don't have to fly over Germany,
We are the Q. M. C.

We are the Q. M. C., we are the Q. M. C.,
We don't have to march like the Infantry,
Ride like the Cavalry, shoot like Artillery,
We don't have to fly over Germany,
We are the Q. M. C.

ANCHOR'S AWEIGH

Sail Navy down the field, sails set to the sky.
We'll never change our course,
No Army you steer shy-y-y-y!
Roll up the score Navy, Anchor's aweigh, --
Sail Navy down the field and

Sink the Army, Sink the Army Gray!

Get under way, Navy,
Sails cleared for the fray.
We'll hoist true Navy Blue,
No Army down your gray-ay-ay-ay!
Full speed ahead Navy, Army heave to, --
Sail Black and Gray and Gold and
Hoist the Navy, Hoist the Navy Blue!

I'D RATHER BE A SOLDIER

There are potatoes in the oven
Cooking up so soft and brown,
And we'll have some watermelon
When the season comes around.
In the icebox there's a chicken,
In the smokehouse there's a ham,
But I'd rather be a soldier
Than a poor, old working man!

THE FIELD ARTILLERY

When the Infantry's out in the trenches,
And the Cavalry's out on patrol,
When there's fighting in the Air
The Air Corps is there.
It's all very plain, don't you know.
But when the big battle starts over yonder,
It's all very clear to me,
That the guts of the whole damned Army
Is the Field Artillery!

JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel, at the break of day,
D'ye ken John Peel, when he's far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

CHORUS

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led;
Peel's view Halloo would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too;
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True;
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

CHORUS

Then, here's to John Peel, from heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl;
We'll follow John Peel, thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay,
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day;
Now he has gone, far, far, away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

CHORUS

22
DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK

Here's to the fox in his earth below the rocks;
And here's to the line that we follow,
And here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground,
Tho' merrily we whoop and we holloa.

CHORUS

Then drunk, puppy, drink, and let ev'ry puppy drunk
That's old enough to lap and to swallow;
For he'll grow into a hound, so we'll pass the bottle round,
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa.

Here's to the horse, and the rider too, of course;
And here's to the rally of the Hunt, boys;
Here's a health to ev'ry friend who can struggle to the end,
And here's to the "Tallyho" in front, boys.

CHORUS

Here's to the gap, and the timber that we rap;
Here's to the white thorn, and black too;
And here's to the pace that puts life into the chase,
And the fence that gives a moment to the pack, too.

CHORUS

Oh, the pack is staunch and true, now they run, from scent
to view;
And it's worth the risk to life and limb and neck, boys;
To see them drive and stoop till they finish with "Who's
Whoop"
Forty minutes on the grass without a check, boys.

CHORUS

THREE GOOD JOLLY POST-BOYS

Three good jolly Post-boys, sitting in a tavern,
Three good jolly Post-boys, sitting in a tavern,
Then they decided it, so they decided it,
Yes, they decided it, to have another flagon.

For he who drinks pale ale and goes to bed quite sober,
For he who drinks pale ale and goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the lily fades, fades as the lily fades,
Fades as the lily fades, and dies a next October.

But he who drinks stout ale and goes to bed quite mellow
But he who drinks stout ale and goes to bed quite mellow

23
THREE GOOD JOLLY POST-BOYS (contd)

Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a hearty fellow.
So, Landlord, fill that flowing bowl 'till it doth run
So, Landlord, fill that flowing bowl full of brown Oct.

For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE!

"Toot, toot, tootsie, goodbye! Toot, toot, tootsie,
The choo choo train that takes me, Away from you n
can tell how sad it makes me,
Kiss me, tootsie, and then, Do it over again,
Watch for the mail, I'll never fail,
If you don't get a letter then you'll know I'm in jail,
Tut, tut, tootsie, don't cry,
Toot, toot, tootsie, goodbye!"

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square,
Tell all the gang at Forty-second Street
That I will soon be there
Whisper of how I'm yearning
To mingle with the old time throng,
Give my regards to old Broadway and say
That I'll be there e'er long.

IDA

Ida sweet as apple cider
Sweeter than all I know
Come Out! in the silv'ry moonlight,
Of love we'll whisper, so soft and low
Seems tho' can't live without you
Listen oh! Honey do--do--
Ida! I idolize ya
Because I love ya, Ida, 'deed I do.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers,
 Oh, my God, how they could love;
 Sure to be true to each other, just as true as the stars
 above.
 It was her man but he done her wrong.

Frankie was a good girl, most everybody knows,
 Went most a hundred dollars, just buyin' her Johnny clothes,
 It was her man but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner to get herself a can of beer;
 Frankie asked the bartender,
 "Have you seen my loving Johnny here?
 He is my man but he's doin' me wrong."

The bartender said to Frankie, "I wouldn't tell you no lies
 Johnny was here 'bout an hour ago
 With a girl named Nellie Bly.
 He was your man but he's done you wrong."

Frankie went down to the corner,
 This time it wasn't for fun;
 Underneath her dirty silk kimona
 He carried a forty-four gun
 Or to kill her man 'cause he'd done her wrong.

Frankie went up to the hop-joint,
 Looked in the window so high,
 Here she saw her lovin' Johnny
 'Akin' love to Nellie Bly.

Frankie went up to the front door,
 Rang the front doorbell,
 "Get out of here all you dog-gone fools
 'Til I blow you straight to hell!
 I'm gonna get my man that's been doin' me wrong."

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (CONTD)

Johnny ran down the staircase,
 Shoutin', "Honey, for God's sake, don't shoot!"
 Frankie answered never a word, but her gun went ro-
 toot,
 She got her man that was doin' her wrong.

Turn me over gently, roll me over slow;
 The bullet that's right above my heart
 Is the one that hurts me so,
 I was your man but I done you wrong.

A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There's a tavern in the town, in the town,
 And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
 And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
 And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS

Fare-thee-well, for I must leave thee,
 Do not let the parting grieve thee,
 But remember that the best of friends must part, my
 Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, yes, adieu--
 I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
 I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow tree,
 And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
 Each Friday night they used to spark used to spark
 And now my love once ever true to me
 Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

CHORUS

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep
 Lay tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
 And on my breast just carve a turtle dove,
 To signify I died for love.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

26
I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
An old coat that is tattered and torn,
It in this wide world to weep and to mourn,
Trayed by a maid in her teens.

this maid that I loved she was handsome and swell,
I tried all I knew, her to please,
I never could do it one quarter as well
The man on the flying trapeze!

CHORUS

He floats thro' the air with the greatest of ease.
Daring young man on the flying trapeze,
Actions are graceful, all girls he does please
My love he has stolen away!

He'd play with a miss, like a cat with a mouse,
Eyes would undress every maid in the house,
Chaps, he is better described as a louse,
Still people came just the same.
He'd smile from the bar on the people below,
One night he smiled on my love;
He blew him a kiss, and she hollered "Bravo!"
He hung from his nose up above!

CHORUS

I and I whimpered, I simpered for weeks,
While she spent all her time with the circus's freaks,
Tears were like hail-stones that rolled down my cheeks,
Alak, and Alak, and Alaska.
Sent to this fellow, this blackguard and said,
"I see that you get your desserts."
Thumb to his nose he put up with a sneer
Sneered once again and said, "Nertz."

CHORUS

One night to his tent, he invited her in,
Led her with compliments, kisses and gin,
At started her off on the road to roo-in,
He made the supreme sacrifice.
Even tho' I loved her I said, "Take my name
I'll gladly forgive and forget!"
He rustled her bustle, and then without shame
He said "Maybe later, not yet!"

CHORUS

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE (CONTD)

27
One night I as usual went to her home,
Found there her father and mother alone,
I asked for my love and soon 'twas known
To my horror, that she'd run away!
Without any trousseau, she fled in the night
With him with the greatest of ease,
From two stories high, he had lowered her down
To the ground on his flying trapeze!

CHORUS

Some months after that I went into a hall
And to my surprise I found there on a wall,
A bill in red letters which did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.
He'd taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live at his ease;
He'd made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze.

CHORUS

Oh! She floats thro' the air, with the greatest of ease;
You'd think her a man on the flying trapeze!
Her actions are graceful, all girls she does please.
And that's what's become of my love!

MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay,
I could hear the darkies singing, they seemed to say:
"You have stolen my heart, now don't go away."
As we sang love's old sweet song on Moonlight Bay.

BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you;
With your eyes of blue, dressed in gingham too,
It was there I knew, that you loved me true;
You were sixteen, my village queen,
Down by the old mill stream.

MEDLEY

at side, west side, all around the town,
 as lots sang "Ring-A-Rosie,"
 London Bridge is falling down."
 Boys and girls together,
 and Mamie O'Rourke,
 topped the light fantastic
 the sidewalks of New York.

My Daisy, give me your answer true,
 a half crazy, all for the love of you!
 won't be a stylish marriage,
 can't afford a carriage,
 if you'll look sweet upon the seat
 a bicycle built for two!

Meet Rosie O'Grady, my dear little Rose,
 she's my steady lady, most everyone knows;
 and when we are married, how happy we'll be;
 love sweet Rosie O'Grady
 and Rosie O'Grady love me.

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
 she's my Annie, I'm her Joe,
 soon we'll marry, never to part,
 little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart!

After the ball is over, after the break of dawn,
 after the dancers are leaving, after the stars are gone,
 any a heart is aching if you could read them all,
 any's the heart that is breaking, after the ball.

The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
 they say such things and they do such things,
 in the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
 I'll never go there any more!

MEDLEY (CONTD)

Take me out to the ballgame, take me out to the park
 Buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks,
 I don't care if I ever get back;
 For I'll root, root, root, for the home team,
 If they don't win it's a shame,
 For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out
 At the old ballgame.

In the good old Summertime,
 In the good old Summertime,
 Strolling thro' the shady lanes,
 With your baby mine;
 You hold her hand, and she holds yours
 And that's a very good sign,
 That she's your Tootsie-Wootsie
 In the good old Summertime.

E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay! E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!
 E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay! I don't care what becomes of me,
 When you play me that sweet melody.

E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay!
 My heart wants to holler "Hurrah" - HURRAY!
 Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
 Home was never like this, E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
 Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
 I hear their gentle voices calling

"Old Black Joe."

I'm coming, I'm coming,
 For my head is bending low;
 I hear their gentle voices calling,

"Old Black Joe."

ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR

170
The sons of the Prophet were brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah,
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

You wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or harass the foe from the rear,
To form fort or redoubt, you had only to shout
For Abdul Abulbul Amir.

There were heroes aplenty, and well know to fame
In the troops that were led by the Czar,
But the best known of all was a man by the name
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool,
And strum on the Spanish guitar,
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite Team
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

One day this bold Russian he shouldered his gun,
And with his most truculent sneer,
Was looking for fun, when he happened to run
Upon Abdul Abulbul Amir.

And Abdul, "Young man, has your life grown so dull,
That you now wish to end your career?
'Tis infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir".

"So take your last look at this cool, shady nook,
And send your regrets to the Czar;
By which I imply you are going to die,
Count Ivan Skivinsky Skavar."

When this bold mameluke drew his trusty skibouk
With a cry of "Allah Akbar",
And with murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skivinsky Skavar.

ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR (CONTD) 31

They fought all that night 'neath the pale yellow moon
The din it was heard from afar,
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life,
In fact as he shouted, "Huzzah,"
He felt himself struck by the wily calmuck,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The Sultan rode up, the disturbance to quell,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch, too, in his uniform of blue,
Rode up in his new crested car,
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

There's a tomb rising up where the Blue Danube rol
And 'graved there in characters clear
Is, "Stranger, when passing, oh, pray for the soul
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

A splash in the Black Sea, one drak moonless night
Caused ripples to spread wide and far,
It was made by a sack, fitting close to the back
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
"Neath the light of the pale polar star,
And the name that she murmurs so soft, as she wees
Is, Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

32. NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO!

was a child of the valley, an innocent maiden was she;
 was a desperate Desmond who owned all the town property.

He would pursue her thru hills and thru dells,
 at she was wise to his game,
 each time he threatened, "You'll wed me or else"
 these were the words she'd exclaim:

CHORUS

No! No! A thousand times no! You cannot buy my caress,
 No! No! A thousand times no! I'd rather die than say yes.
 (Spoken) Two! Three! Four!

But this poisonous villain,
 e wouldn't leave her alone;
 aid, "Either join me in wedlock or I'll kick you out of
 your home."

He knew her people so feeble and old
 ded a roof o'er their head,
 enter would soon bring the snow and the cold,
 at she defied him and said:

CHORUS

That night he crept up to her window,
 and oh! How that villain could creep!
 e stole her out of her boudoir,
 and kidnapped her while fast asleep.
 e tied the gal to the old railroad track,
 e milk train was rushing down hill,
 e cried to him, "Though my future looks black
 ou buzzard, my answer is still:

CHORUS

ow she loved that young village blacksmith,
 muscular "He" man was he,
 e heard that his love was in danger,
 ad right to the rescue flew he.
 e grabbed his darling in "Thee" nick of time
 ad yelled, "This is my future wife."
 e villain sneered "Blacksmith, that maiden is mine."
 e hero cried, "Not on your life!"

33. NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO! (CONT

Now this is the end of our story,
 Her honor was left without stain,
 The hero took her to the altar,
 The villain was foiled once again.
 The mortgage was paid and the handsome young sw
 Moved in with her folks right away,
 Their life is contented tho simple and plain,
 And no more will she have to say:

CHORUS

SAN ANTONIO ROSE

Deep within my heart lies a melody,
 A song of old San Antone.
 Where in dreams I live with a memory,
 Beneath the stars all alone.
 It was there I found beside the Alamo,
 Enchantment strange as the blue up above.
 A moonlight pass that only she would know,
 Still hears my broken song of love.
 Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart.
 Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone.
 Lips so sweet and tender, like petals falling apart,
 Speak once again of my love, my own.
 Broken song, empty words I know still live in my h
 alone,

For that moonlit pass by Alamo, and Rose, my Rose
 San Antone.

SMILES

There are smiles that make up happy,
 There are smiles that make us blue,
 There are smiles that steal away the tear drops
 As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
 There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
 That the eyes of love alone can see,
 And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
 Are the smiles that you gave to me.

ZAMBOANGA

the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga,
the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga,
the monkeys have no tails,
were bitten off by whales,
the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga,

we can't go back to Subic anymore, etc.
re they mix our wine with Tubic.

the Carabao have no hair in Mindanao, etc.
they run around quite bare.

The fishes wear no skirts in Iloilo, etc.
they all have undershirts.

we'll all go up to China in the Springtime, etc.
we'll hop aboard a liner, I can think of nothing finer.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

the shade of the old apple tree,
re the love in your eyes I could see,
the song that I heard, was the song of the bird,
ned to whisper sweet music to me,
uld hear the dull buzz of the bee,
e flowers that you sent to me,
a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you,
e shade of the old apple tree.

BUBBLES

forever blowing bubbles,
ay bubbles in the air,
y fly so high, nearly reach the sky,
n like my dreams, they fade and die,
ame's always hiding, I've looked everywhere;
forever blowing bubbles,
ay bubbles in the air.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'taters gr,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the Springti
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to g
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love so sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

CHORUS

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'taters gr,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the Springti
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to g

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There let me live till I wither and decay,

Long by the old dismal swamp have I wandered,

There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.

Massa and Missis have long gone before me,

Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,

There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,

There's where we'll meet and never part no more.

CHORUS

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE

Oh', how I want you, dear old pal of mine,
Each night and day I pray you're always mine.
Sweetheart, may God bless you,
Angle hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you,
Dear old pal of mine.

HONEY! HONEY

Honey, Honey, bless your heart,
My honey that I love so well;
For I've been true, Sweetheart, to you;
To my honey that I love so well.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 A soul goes marching on!

ory, Glory, Hal-le-lu-jah-
 ory, Glory, Hal-le-lu-jah!
 ory, Glory, Hal-le-lu-jah!
 A soul goes marching on!

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,
 I'm tired an' I want to go to bed;
 I'd a little drink 'bout 'n hour ago
 It's gone right to my head.
 Wherever I may roam,
 Land or sea or foam,
 You can always hear me singing this song
 Show me the way to go home.

YALE BULL-DOG

Bull-Dog, Bull-Dog, Bow-Wow-Wow, Eli Yale.
 Bull-Dog, Bull-Dog, Bow-Wow-Wow,
 Your team can never fail.
 When the sons of Eli break thro' the line,
 That is the sign we hail;
 Bull-Dog, Bull-Dog, Bow-Wow-Wow, Eli Yale.

I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl, just like the girl
 That married dear old dad;
 Was a pearl, and the only girl
 That daddy ever had.
 Good old fashioned girl, with heart so true,
 Who loves nobody else but you.
 I want a girl just like the girl
 That married dear old dad.

RAMBLING WRECK FROM GEORGIA TECH

Oh, if I had a daughter, sir, I'd dress her in white:
 And take her on the campus, sir, to cheer the brave
 But if I had a son, sir, I'll tell you what he'd do,
 He would yell "To hell with Georgia" like his daddy

CHORUS

I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a hell
 engineer,
 A hell of a, hell of a, hell of a, hell of a, hell of an
 Like all good jolly fellows, I drink my whiskey clear
 I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a hell
 engineer.

I wish I had a barrel of rum, and of sugar three thou
 pounds,
 A college bell to put it in, and a clapper to stir it 'r
 I'd drink to every fellow who comes from far and ne
 I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, and a hell
 engineer.

CHORUS

CAYUGA'S WATERS

Far above Cayuga's waters, with its waves of blue,
 Stands our noble Alma Mater
 Glorious to view.

CHORUS

Left the chorus, speed it onward
 Loud her praises tell.
 Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
 Hail, all hail, Cornell!

Far above the busy humming,
 Of the bustling town,
 Reared against the arch of heaven,
 Looks she proudly down.

CHORUS

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip, a bright yellow tulip,
 And I wore a big red rose;
 When you carassed me, 'Twas then heaven blessed me;
 At a blessing no one knows.
 You made life cheery when you called me "Dearie"
 Was down where the blue grass grows,
 Our lips were sweeter than julep
 When you wore a tulip, and I wore a big red rose."

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

And her neck she wore a yellow ribbon
 I wore it from October until the month of May;
 When they asked her why the hell she wore it
 She said she wore it for her lover who was far, far away.

CHORUS

Far away! Far away!
 She wore it for her lover who was far, far away,
 Far away! Far away!
 She wore it for her lover who was far, far away.

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage
 She pushed it all that summer and then again 'till May;
 And when they asked her why the hell she pushed it,
 She said she pushed it for her lover who was far, far away.

CHORUS

LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
 O the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingales are singing,
 And a white moon beams.
 There's a long, long night of waiting,
 Till my dreams all come true,
 I the day when I'll be going down
 At long, long trail with you.

TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tipperary,
 It's a long way to go,
 It's a long way to Tipperary,
 It's the sweetest girl I know.
 Good-bye Picadilly, farewell Leinster Square,
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
 But my heart's right there.

JEANNINE

Jeannine, I dream of lilac time,
 Your eyes, they beam in lilac time,
 Your winning smile, and cheeks blushing like the rose
 Yet all the while, you sigh when nobody knows.
 Jeannine, my queen of lilac time,
 When I return, I'll make you mine,
 For you and I, our love-dream can never die,
 Jeannine, I dream of lilac time.

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELD

Some folks say that a niggah won't steal
 Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield
 But I caught two in my cornfield
 Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield
 One had a shovel and the other had a hoe,
 Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield
 Well, if dat ain't stealin', I don't know
 Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield

IN THE EVENING

In the evening by the moonlight,
 You can hear those darkies singing.
 In the evening by the moonlight,
 You can hear those bands ringing.
 How the old folks would enjoy it,
 They would sit all night and listen,
 As we sang, in the evening by the moonlight.

WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM

When I grow too old to dream I'll have you to remember
 When I grow too old to dream, Your love will live in me
 So kiss me, my sweet and so let us part
 And when I grow too old to dream, that kiss will live in me

MISSOURI WALTZ

ish-a-bye, my baby, slumber time is comin' soon,
est yo' haid upon my breast while mammy hums a tune.
ne sandman is callin' where shadows are fallin',
hile the soft breezes sigh, as in days long gone by.
ay down in Missouri, where I heard this melody,
hen I was a pickaninny on my mammy's knee
ne darkies were hummin', their banjos were strummin'
so sweet and low.

SWEET ADELINE

weet Adeline; Sweet Adeline! My Adeline, My Adeline!
or you, dear heart, for you, dear heart,
lone I pine, alone I pine.
all my dreams, in all my dreams,
our fair face beams; your fair face beams,
ou're the idol of my heart, sweet Adeline.

MANDY LEE

'andy Lee, I love you, deed I do, my Mandy Lee.
our eyes shine like diamonds, love to me.
ems as tho my heart would break
ithout you, Mandy Lee;
ause I love you, 'deed I do, My Mandy Lee.

I LOVE YOU TRULY

ve you truly, truly dear,
e with its sorrow, life with its tears
es into dreams when I feel you are near,
ve you truly, truly, dear.

h, love 'tis something to feel your kind hand;
n, love 'tis something by your side to stand;
nd is the sorrow, kind doubt and fear
love you truly, truly, dear.

HARVEST MOON

Oh, shine on, shine on harvest moon, up in the sky,
I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or
Snow time ain't no time to stay out-doors and spoon;
So shine on, shine on, harvest moon,
For me 'n my gal.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOO

By the light of the silvery moon, I want to spoon,
To my honey I'll croon love's tune;
Honeymoon, keep a-shining in June;
Your silvery beams will bring love dreams,
We'll be cuddling up soon, by the silvery moon.

OLD GRAY BONNET

Put on your old gray bonnet, with the blue ribbons on i
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,
Thro' the fields of clover, we will ride to Dover,
On our Golden Wedding Day.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me fond adieu
When the clouds roll by, I'll come to you,
Then the skies will seem more blue;
Down in lover's lane, my dearie.
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Every tear will be a memory;
So wait and pray each night for me,
'Till we meet again.

ROSE MARIE

Oh, Rose Marie, I love you, I'm always dreaming of y
No matter what I do I can't forget you,
Sometimes I wish that I had never met you,
And yet if I should lose you,
'Twould mean my very life to me;
Of all the Queens that ever lived I'd choose you
To rule, my Rose Marie.

42

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY
With someone like you, a pal so good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find,
Some place that's known to Gad alone,
Just a spot to call our own;
'e'll find a perfect peace where joys never cease
At there beneath the kindly skies.
'd build a sweet little nest,
At there in the West
And let the rest of the world go by.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Now to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.
Ho! the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Omes love's old sweet song.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART
Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper that you love me true.
Keep the love light glowing in your eyes so blue,
Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows;
You may search everywhere, but non can compare
With my Wild Irish Rose.
My Wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows;
And some day for my sake, she may let me take
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose.

43

GYPSY LOVE SONG

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Dream of the field and the grove,
Can't you hear me, hear me in the dreamland,
Where your fancies rove?
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Wild little woodland dove!
Can you hear the song that tells you
All my hearts true love?

I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS

Oh, I've got rings on my fingers,
And bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish Rose
So come to your Nabob on next St Patrick's Day,
By mistress Mumbo Jumbo, Jijiy Bo J O'Shea.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup O' kindness yet
For the days of auld lang syne!

YOU ROLL A SILVER DOLLAR

You roll a silver dollar down on the gound,
And it rolls because it's round.
A woman never knows what a good man's she's gotten
till she turns him down.
Now listen, children, listen to me -
For I want you to understand
As a dollar goes from hand to hand,
So a woman goes from man to man.

HOME SWEET HOME

And pleasures and palaces, though we may roam
It ever so humble there's no place like home;
Charms from the skies seems to hallow us there;
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met elsewhere.

CHORUS

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.
Gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon from our cottage door
O'er the woodbine whose fragrance
Shall cheer me no more.

CHORUS

MEMORIES

Memories, memories, dreams of love so true,
O'er the sea of memory, I'm drifting back to you,
Childhood days, wildwood days, among the birds and bees,
You left me alone, but still you're my own,
My beautiful memories.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I will not ask for wine;
Be thou that from the soul does rise,
Or ask a drink divine,
But might I of love's Nectar sip,
Would not change for thine.

DEEP IN MY HEART

Deep in my heart, dear, I have a dream of you;
Fashioned of starlight, perfume and roses and dew,
Our paths may sever, but I'll remember you ever,
Deep in my heart, dear, always I'll dream of you.

OH! SUSANNA

I came to Alabama, wid my banjo on my knee,
I'm g'wan to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rain'd all night de day I left,
De weather it was dry,
De sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, Oh! don't you cry for me,
I've come from Alabama, wid
My banjo on my knee.

KISS ME AGAIN

Sweet summer breeze, whispering trees,
Stars shining softly above;
Roses in bloom, wafted perfume,
Sleepy birds dreaming of love.
Safe in your arms, far from alarms,
Daylight will come, but in vain.
Tenderly pressed close to your breast,
Kiss me, kiss me again!

MY GAL SAL

They called her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal;
An all round good fellow, a heart that was mellow
gal Sal.
Your troubles and sorrows and cares
She was always willing to share,
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level,
Was my gal Sal.

ALICE BLUE GOWN

In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown,
When I first wandered down into town,
I was both proud and shy, as I felt every eye,
But in every shop window I'd primp passing by;
Then in manner of fashion I'd frown,
And the world seemed to smile all around,
"Till it wilted I wore it, I'll always adore it,
My sweet Little Alice Blue Gown.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

a body meet a body, comin' thro' the rye,
a body kiss a body, need a body cry.

CHORUS

My lassie has a laddie, nane they say ha'e I;
all the lads, they smile at me
an comin' thro' the rye.

Long the train there is a swain
early lo'e mysel', but whaur his name,
what his name, I dinna care to tell.

CHORUS

a body, meet a body, comin' rae the town,
a body, meet a body, need a body frown?

CHORUS

EL RANCHO GRANDE

I love to roam out yonder,
Out where the buff'lo wander,
Free as the eagle flying,
I'm roping and a-tying,
I'm roping and a-tying.

Me my ranch and my cattle,
I from the great city's rattle;
Me a big herd to battle,
I just love herding cattle.

SOUSE FAMILY

Went last night and drunk the night before
and get drunk tonight if we never get drunk no more,
When we're drunk we're as happy as can be
we are members of the Souse Family.
Get Glorious! Glorious!
A key of beer for the four of us,
Try to God that there are no more of us,
One of us could drink it all alone!

HAND ME DOWN MY BOTTLE OF CORN

Hand me down my bottle of corn,
Hand me down my bottle of corn, corn, corn,
Hand me down my bottle of corn,
I'm gonna get drunk just as sure as you're born,
'Cause all my people think I'm away.

Hand me down my bottle of rye,
Hand me down my bottle of rye, rye, rye,
Hand me down my bottle rye
I can take one more and still get by
And all my people think I'm away.

Hand me down my bottle of Scotch,
Hand me down my bottle of Scotch, Scotch, Scotch,
Hand me down my bottle of Scotch
I can take another, for there's no one to watch,
'Cause all my people think I'm away.

Hand me down my bottle of Gin,
Hand me down my bottle of Gin, Gin, Gin,
Hand me down my bottle of Gin
I can take one more, for it ain't no sin,
And all my people think I'm away.

Hand me down a glass of water
Hand me down a glass of water, water, water,
Hand me down a glass of water,
I'll try to drink it, but I hadn't oughter,
And all my people think I'm away.

KATY

K---K---K---Katy, beautiful Katy
You're the only G---G---G---Girl that I adore
When the M---Moon shines
On the C---Cow shed
I'll be waiting by the K---K---K---Kitchen door.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS

Home, home on the range, where the deer and the antelope
play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Now often at night where the heavens are bright,
With the lights from the glittering stars;
I've stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed,
Their glory exceeds that of ours.

CHORUS

Give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along,
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

CHORUS

Here the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range,
For all the cities so bright.

CHORUS

RAG-TIME COWBOY JOE

Oh, hear him sing raggy music to the cattle
As he swings back and forward in his saddle
On a horse that is syncopated, gaited,
And there's such a funny meter,
To the roar of his repeater
Now they run when they see that fellow's gun
As the western folks all know
He's a high-fallutin', shootin' scootin' son-of-a-gun
From Arizona,
Rag-Time cowboy Joe.

HEIDLEBERG

Better than riches and earthly wealth,
Are the friends we have in college,
Brimming with happiness, hope, and health,
And fill'd with a love divine.

But better by knowledge we gain by stealth,
Is a heart that's always jolly,
So come let us clink and then let us drink,
A toast with a brimming stein.

Here's to the land that gave us birth,
Here's to the flag she flies,
Here's to her sons, the best on earth,
Here's to her bright blue skies,
Here's to the girl who waits for me,
True as the skies above,
Here's to the day, when mine she'll be,
Here's to the girl I love.

Oh, Heidelberg, dear Heidelberg,
Thy sons we'll never forget,
The golden haze of school room days,
Is round about us yet.

Those days of yore will come no more
But in the future years,
The tho't of you so good, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears,

AND WHEN I DIE

And when I die, don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol.
Put a bottle of booze at my head and feet.
And then I'll know my bones will keep.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

wife and I live all alone,
little brown hut we call our own,
'loves Gin and I love Rum,
'you what don't we have fun.

CHORUS

Ha! Ha! You and me.
le Brown Jug, how I love the!
Ha! Ha! You and me,
le Brown Jug, how I love the!

had a cow that gave such milk,
dress her in the finest silk,
d her on the choicest hay,
milk her twenty times a day.

CHORUS

s you who makes my friends and foes
s you who makes me wear old clothes
e we are so near my nose
tip her up and down she goes.

CHORUS

!! the folks in Adam's race
re put together in one place
n I'd prepare to shed a tear
ore I'd part with you, my dear.

CHORUS

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

e girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl
if all the girls I know;
a sweet co-ed, like a rainbow trail,
ides in the after glow.
blue of her eyes and the gold of her hair,
are a blend of the western sky;
d the moonlight beams on the girl of my dreams,
he's the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi!

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer the darkies are gay;
The corn tops ripe and the meadows in the bloom.
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knockin' at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Weep on more, my lady, oh, weep no more today;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

HELLO! MY BABY

Hello, my baby, hello, my honey,
Hello, my rag-time gal
Send me a kiss by wire,
Baby my heart's on fire!
If you refuse me, honey, you'll lose me,
Then you'll be left alone, oh baby,
Telephone and tell me I'm your own.
Hello! Hello! Hello! There
Hello, my baby, hello, my honey,
Hello, my rag-time gal
Send me a kiss by wire,
Baby my heart's on fire!
If you refuse me, honey, you'll lose me
Then you'll be left alone, oh baby,
Telephone and tell me I'm your own.

CECILIA

Does your mother know you're out, Cecilia?
Does she know that I'm about to steal you?
Oh, my, when I look in your eyes
Something tells me you and I should get together.
How's about a little kiss, Cecilia?
Just a kiss you'll never miss, Cecilia?
Why do we two keep on wasting time?
Oh, Cecilia say that you'll be mine.

REPEAT

52
ALL I DO IS DREAM OF YOU

I do is dream of you the whole night thru.
In the dawn, I still go on and dream of you.
I're ev'ry song I ever sing
I're ev'ry thought, you're ev'rything,
Summer, winter, autumn and spring.
I were there more than twenty-four hours a day
I'd be spent in sweet content dreaming away.
In skies are grey, when skies are blue
Coming, noon and night time too
I do the whole day thru, is dream-of-you--.

THE GANG THAT SANG "HEART OF MY HEART"

Heart of my heart, "I love that melody,
Heart of my heart" brings back a memory,
When we were kids on the corner of the street,
We were rough and ready guys,
Oh! How we could harmonize,
Heart of my heart" meant friends were dearer then,
So bad we had to part.
Now a tear would glisten if once more I could listen
To that gang that sang "Heart of my heart."

BACK IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD

The bird with feathers of blue
Waiting for you,
Back in your own backyard.
You'll see your castle in Spain,
Through your window pane,
Back in your own backyard.
Oh, you can go to the East,
Go to the West,
But someday you'll come weary at heart
Back where you started from.
You'll find your happiness lies
Right under your eyes
Back in your own backyard.

REPEAT

53
THE FOGGY DEW

Now, I am a bach'lor and live alone,
And I work at the weavers trade,
And the only, only thing I ever did wrong
Was to woo a pretty, pretty maid.
I wooed her in the summertime, and in the winter too.
And the only, only thing I ever did wrong
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,
When I was fast asleep.

She threw her arms around my neck

And then began to weep.

She wept, she cried, she damned near died,

My gawd, what could I do?

"Come hop into bed, little maid," I said,

"And I'll shield you from the foggy, foggy dew."

Now, I am a bach'lor and live with my son,
And we work at the weavers trade.

And every, every time I look into his eyes,

He reminds me of the pretty, pretty maid;

He reminds me of the summer-time,

And of the winter too,

And the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store on Chatham St
That's where you'll buy your coats and vests and ever
that's neat;

I've second-handed ulsterettes, and ev'rything that's
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and f
nine.

CHORUS

O Solomon Levi, Levi, Tra La La La,

Poor Sheeny Levi, Tra La La La La La La La

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store on Chatham St

That's where you'll buy your coats and vests and ever
else that's neat;

Second-handed ulsterettes and ev'rything else that's f

5-4
I'M AN OLD COWHAND

an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned.
A cowboy who never saw a cow,
or roped a steer 'cause I don't know how,
I sho' ain't fixin' to start in now.
Yip-I-O, Ki-Ay. - Yip-py-I-O, Ki-Ay.

an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
I learned to ride 'fere I learned to stand,
A ridin' fool who is up to date,
Now every trail in the Lone Star State,
use I ride the range in a Ford V Eight.
Yip-I-O, Ki-Ay. - Yip-py-I-O, Ki-Ay

an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
I came to town just to hear the band,
Now all the songs that the cowboys know,
out the big corral where the dogies go,
'cause I learned them all on the radio.
Yip-I-O, Ki-Ay. - Yip-py-I-O, Ki-Ay.

an old cowhand from the Rio Grande,
here the west is wild round the border land,
here the buffalo roam around the zoo,
and the Indians make you a rug or two,
and the old Bar X is a Bar-B-Q.
Yip-I-O, Ki-Ay. - Yip-py-I-O, Ki-Ay.

GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP

Good morning, Mr Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good morning, Mr Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine,
Cheer to ashes, and dust to dust,
the Camels don't get you, the fatimas must,
Good morning, Mr Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
our hair cut just as short as,
our hair cut just as short as mine.

5-5
RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they tell me you're leaving,
I shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has lightened my life for a while.
Won't you think of the valley you're leaving,
Of your parents so kind and so true?
Won't you think of the hearts you are breaking,
And the cowboy who's loved you so true?

CHORUS

Oh, come sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
And remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who's loved you so true.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad,
All the live long day,
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captain calling,

CHORUS

Dinah, won't you go, Dinah won't you go,
Down on the banks of the Ohio;
Dinah, won't you go, Dinah, won't you go,
Down on the Ohio.

GOOD-NIGHT LADIES

Good-Night, Ladies! Good-Night, Ladies!
Good-Night, Ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

h of the border, down Mexico way,
 's where I fell in love when stars above
 e out to play.
 now as I wander my thoughts ever stray
 h of the border, down Mexico way.
 was a picture in old spanish lace,
 for a tender while I kissed the smile upon her face,
 it was "Fiesta" and we were so gay,
 h of the border, down Mexico way.
 n she sighed as she whispered "Manana,"
 er dreaming that we were parting.
 I lied as I whispered "Manana,"
 our tomorrow never came.
 th of the border, I rode back one day,
 re in a veil of white by candlelight
 knelt to pray.

mission bells told me that I mustn't stay,
 th of the border down Mexico way.

Ay! Ay! Ay! - Ay! Ay! Ay! - Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay!

DIXIE LAND

ish I was in the land of cotton,
 times dar am not forgotten
 ok away, look away look away, Dixie Land.

Dixie Land whar I was born in,
 rly on one frosty mornin'
 ok away look away, look away, Dixie Land.

n I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray!
 Dixie Land I'll take my stan' an lib and die in Dixie;
 ay, away, away down south in Dixie,
 ay, away away down south in Dixie.

OCTOBER ALE

And it's will you quaff with me, my lads?
 And it's will you quaff with me?
 It's a draught of nut-brown ale I offer unto thee.
 All humming in the tankard, lad,
 It cheers the heart forlorn.
 Oh, here's a friend to everyone
 'Tis stout John Barley Corn.

CHORUS

So, laugh, lads, and quaff lads,
 'Twill make you stout and hale
 Thru' all my days I'll sing the praise
 Of brown October ale!
 So, -----(Repeat Chorus)-----

DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
 What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
 What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
 Early in the morning?

CHORUS

Ay, Ay, up she rises, Ay, Ay, up she rises,
 Ay, Ay, up she rises, early in the morning!

Put him in a leaky boat and make him bail her.
 Put him in a leaky boat and make him bail her.
 Put him in a leaky boat and make him bail her.
 Early in the morning.

CHORUS

Keep him there 'till he gets sober, etc.

CHORUS

Hoist him up a running bow line, etc.

CHORUS

Send Holy Joe to spin a yarn to him, etc.

CHORUS

That's what to do with a drunken sailor, etc.

CHORUS

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE

Down in the lazy west rides the moon.
 Warm as the night in June.
 Stars shimmering soft in a bed of blue,
 While I am calling and calling you.
 Sweetly you are dreaming, as the dawn
 Comes slowly streaming,
 Waken, love, in your bower, greet our trysting hour.

CHORUS

Dear One, the world is waiting for the sunrise,
 Every rose is covered with dew;
 The thrush on high his sleepy mate is calling
 And my heart is calling you.

PADDLIN' MADELIN' HOME

'Cause when I'm paddlin' Madelin' home,
 Gee! When I'm paddlin' Madelin' home,
 First I drift with the tide
 Then pull for the shore
 I hug her and kiss her
 And paddle some more.
 Then I keep paddlin' Madelin' home
 Until I find a spot where we're alone.
 Oh! She never says "No" so I kiss her and go,
 Paddlin' Madelin', sweet, sweet Madelin',
 Paddlin' Madelin' home!

(Repeat)

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

I'll see you in my dreams
 Hold you in my dreams,
 Someone took you out of my arms,
 Still I feel the thrill of your charms.
 Lips that once were mine,
 Tender eyes that shine,
 They will light my way tonight,
 I'll see you in my dreams.

UNDER THE BAMBOO TREE

If you lak-a me, lak I lak-a you, And we lak-a both the same
 I lak-a say, this very day, I lak-a change your name--
 'Cause I love-a you and love-a you true and if you-a love-a me
 One live as two, two live as one Under the bamboo tree.

(Repeat)